

BEAUTY OF A WOMAN'S FACE, REMEMBERED—NOT POSED—INSPIRATION FOR ANGELS

Artist Who Paints Them Finds None on Fifth Avenue or Stage

That Is Why, Says Donald B. Taunton, Angels of Art, While of Neuter Gender, Have Faces of Feminine Regularity and Soft, Beautiful Hair.

By Fay Stevenson.

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"HOW does an artist who designs and paints angels for cathedral windows get his inspiration?"

That is the question I put to Donald B. Taunton, the celebrated English artist, who has designed many saints, angels and Biblical characters for British cathedrals, especially the famous Southwark and Gloucester Cathedrals.

This is Mr. Taunton's first visit to America, and when I popped my typically American and probably unorthodox question about angels and inspiration, I saw the typically British disposition of "My word, isn't it abrupt?" pass over his face. Then, as we both sat down in the Park Avenue Hotel, where Mr. Taunton is staying, he adjusted his loose-fitting tweed suit and with a half smile replied:

"Well, I do not get my inspiration from Fifth Avenue belles, Broadway shows or the London music halls! To begin with, an artist who paints Biblical characters does not need models at all. There is nothing about the beauty of an angel which corresponds to the type of beauty a cover design or magazine sketch must represent. And then, you know, angels, the angels of the Bible are all men!"

"So they are, but I hadn't thought of that," I gasped.

"Women may be angels," continued Artist Taunton, "but angels are not women! Don't you remember Gabriel and Michael, Raphael and Uriel?"

"But artists always represent them in such long robes and beautiful curly hair that that is probably the reason so many of us think of the angel as feminine," I said.

"Of course the angel is really neuter gender," continued Mr. Taunton, "but nevertheless every time an angel's name appears in the Bible it is masculine. Feminine beauty represents purity and sweetness, so perhaps that is why the angel usually has such regular, feminine lines and such wreaths of soft, beautiful hair."

"But where does the modern artist get his inspiration? I persuaded him, for instance, an artist who paints angels should see a woman with beautiful, regular features and a tender, appealing face, wouldn't he make an impression upon him?"

The next time he thought of an angel wouldn't that face appear before him?"

"Yes, what an artist sees, and even the modern interpretation of life, does play a certain part in the life of the artist who paints Biblical scenes," admitted Mr. Taunton. "I have read many books, studied many historical works, allowed my imagination to dwell upon what Heaven may be, but if I see a face which is expressing I have, at times, tried to conventionalize it into the 'angel type'."

"Angels are not all beautiful," continued Mr. Taunton. Even the Madonna face or the Mona Lisa are not beautiful to some people. An angel must have an appealing look, a conventional standard face. All artists who paint Biblical characters study the old masters and try to keep to the period of the Bible as much as possible."

"And yet if these same artists should see a beautiful face, no matter whether it belonged to a man, woman or child, it might appeal to them and later be conventionalized into a face for the stained glass window."

Mr. Taunton looked at me with his typically English blue eyes and I saw "Dash it all, she's trying to make me say I paint angels from human beings."

"He might be tempted once in a great while to work in a modern interpretation of beauty," he replied, "but to do it successfully he must keep to those standardized lines of the old masters. Only the other day in London I was asked to give my opinion of a Madonna, and I had to admit the face was more like that of a ballet girl than the regular features of the old time Madonna."

"But I frankly admit," concluded Mr. Taunton, "that I have seen few 'angel types' upon the London, Paris or New York streets. After all, books and imagination are the best models. I may possibly see one beautiful face while I am in America which will linger in my mind, or I may see a face which appeals but it might not be used for four or five years."

"Therefore, if you have a beautiful girl, don't call her an angel because Mr. Taunton admits they are not always beautiful, but have conventional, angel faces, and then, of course, angels are masculine, and even Shakespeare was all wrong in Henry VIII, when he wrote:

"Thou hast the sweetest face I ever looked on.
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel!"

GOING DOWN!

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DEAR GIRLS—It is wiser to have many strings to your bow than to let one man monopolize your time without some understanding.

Your time is valuable too. Many heartaches come from drifting along without a chain of common understanding and the compass of perfect agreement.

If you wish to bring about an understanding, refuse to see him for a while.

If you are afraid of losing him, then one or both of you are cowards. Sincerely,
ALPHEA SMITH

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA SELECTS NEW YORK GIRL AS PAGEANT SOLO DANCER.



MISS NINA WEEDEN OLIVER, a New York girl, has been selected as a solo dancer in a Greek pageant, to be given by the University of Virginia in the McIntire Greek Amphitheatre at Charlottesville, Va. The occasion is the centennial celebration which will begin June 1, and Miss Oliver's selection for a solo role will make her the most important figure of 500 dancers.

THE JARR FAMILY

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"THIS is really a terrible breakfast," said Mrs. Jarr plaintively, "this steak has been cooked to a crisp, and the potatoes are greasy and the coffee is flat!"

"Why don't you speak to Gertrude about it?" said Mr. Jarr. "It's a shame to spoil good victuals this way."

"Tell her!" echoed Mrs. Jarr. "Why if you dare say a word to servants they'll cook up and leave!"

"I guess that's so," said Mr. Jarr. "Of course, it's so," remarked Mrs. Jarr. "You have to be so respectful to them, too, while they are not a bit respectful to you. You have to say, 'Please do this' and 'Please do that,' but they are rude and sulky. You President Harding allude to himself as a 'servant of the people,' but people who are servants must never be called so."

"Maybe it's the fault of the mistress," said Mr. Jarr incautiously. "After some thousands of years the servant problem is worse than ever. In household affairs you women make it a question of caste, and those who serve are made to feel a certain sense of social inferiority; hence the self-respecting kind of people shun domestic service."

"What do you want me to do?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "Sit down at the piano and play duets with Gertrude or have her friends visit us and give them the best rooms?"

"You are going from one extreme to the other," replied Mr. Jarr. "Domestic work could be made a matter of purely wage relation, with no element of social inferiority in it, I think."

"Oh, no you think?" said Mrs. Jarr. "Well, how would you do it?"

"Just as they do it at the apartment hotels," replied Mr. Jarr. "The cook and chambermaid and laundress have certain defined hours of work, and the relations are simply those that exist between employer and employee in the stores and workshops. I know men who employ a hundred women who haven't half the trouble of women who employ three."

"Do I employ three?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "But it's getting so now that they expect you to have three. Servants wait servants to wait on them. As for regular hours, YOU keep regular hours and then maybe I can keep a good girl! But with your coming home to dinner one night at 6 o'clock and another night at 9 o'clock and another night not at all, and us keeping dinner waiting, how do you expect a good girl, who wants her evenings to herself, to stand for it?"

"You won't do it, and I don't blame them!"

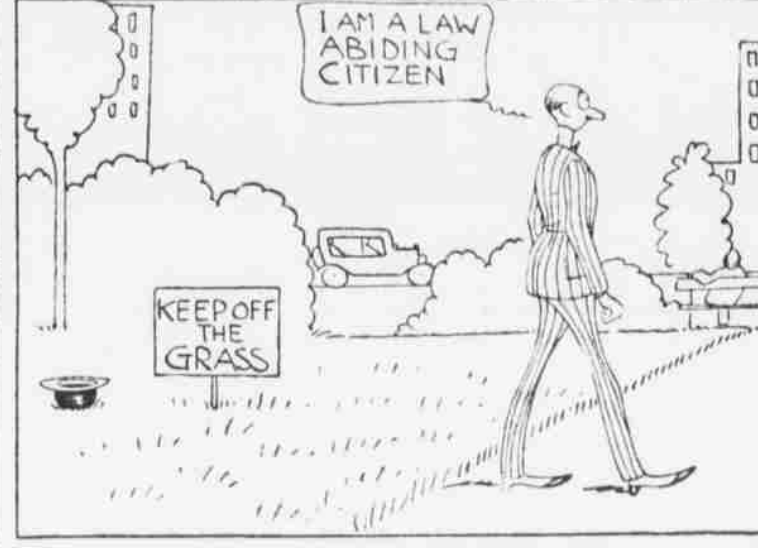
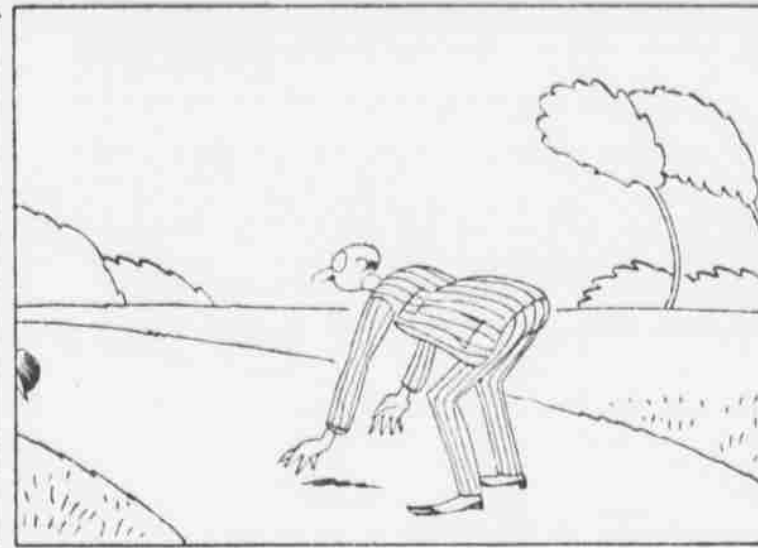
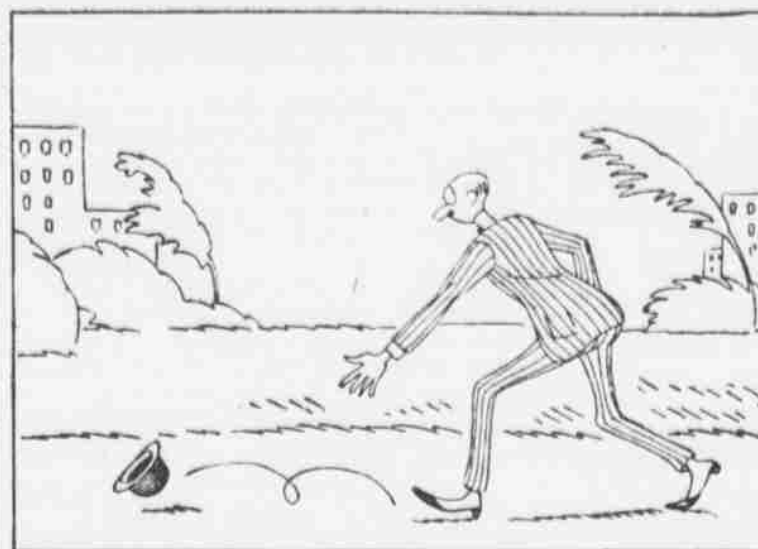
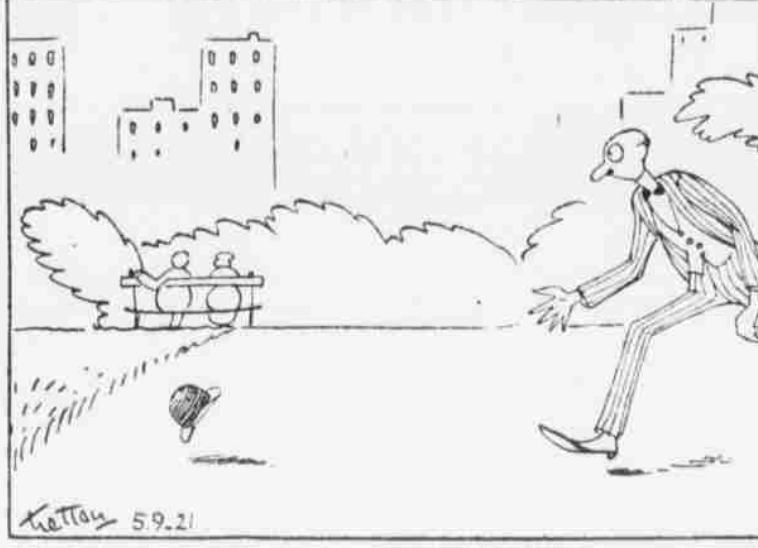
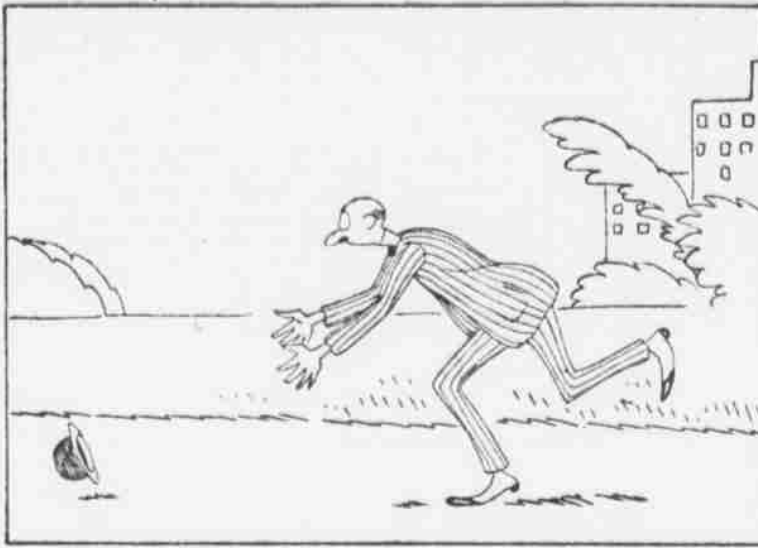
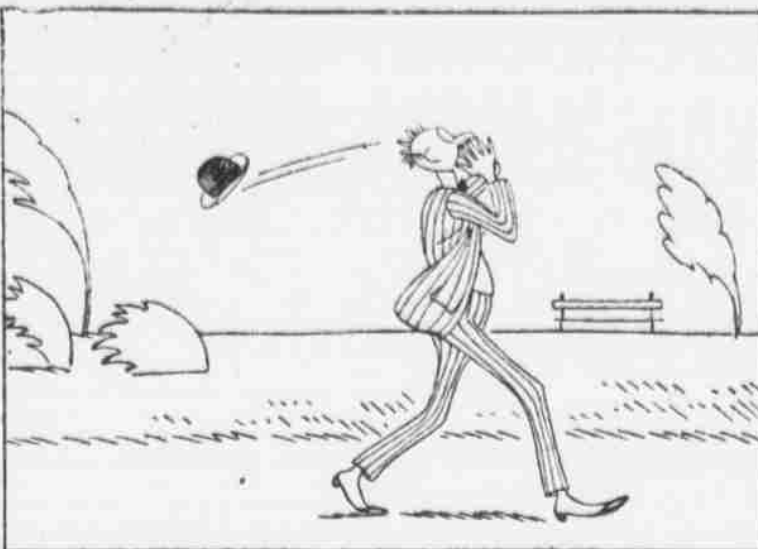
So Mr. Jarr ate the burned steak and drank the poor coffee, feeling that he was lucky in having a servant, to the house at all.

DAILY MAGAZINE

The Day of Rest!

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By Maurice Ketten



Beautify Your Face by Having Your Bad Teeth Treated

PERHAPS it sounds rather paradoxical, but it has been established that a dentist, by treating decayed or aching teeth, can beautify the face. We have it over the signatures of Drs. Thomas J. Ryan and Edwin E. Bowers, from the dental and medical fields respectively, who have written a book on "Teeth and Health," which has just been published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Have you disfiguring blotches or pimply eruptions on your face that you have been trying to cure with skin lotions or beauty salvers? Are your eyes shadowed from lack of sleep? Is your mouth drawn and puckered from sleepless nights of pain?

Have you boils or carbuncles? Have you a protruding upper jaw and unlovely prominent teeth and a retreating chin?

All these disfigurements that often come from decayed or crooked teeth can be cured if treated in time, is the promise of these two doctors.

"Children, and young folks up to the age of twenty-five, victims of unsymmetrical features, or martyrs to actual facial deformity, can be made whole, wholesome and even-featured, as has been proved by the following cases:

Jazzy Symptoms Trouble Sir Charles

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"Sir Charles C. Allen thinks so, and gave his ideas on the subject in an address before the first National Furnishing Trades Convention in London recently."

"English furniture, which has ranked so high, is becoming 'jazzy,'" he declared. "Will the public really buy jazz clothing, jazz wall papers and all kinds of jazz rubbish? I don't think it will last long. I have recently seen great quantities of dress materials of unharmonious color and crude design—things more deserving of the dark cellar than the light of day. I trust that skirts of those materials will not be long; the human form is better to look upon than these monstrosities. They are a product of a dangerously decadent movement."

"To keep the teeth absolutely clean, one needs besides a tooth brush, a good mouth wash, good tooth paste and good dental floss, and these must be used understandingly."

"The teeth should always be brushed 'longitudinally,' from the gum margins to the points of the teeth, below and above, inside and outside; and then brush laterally, but carefully, so as not to irritate the gum tissues."

So it all leads up to one fundamental principle—that one can be what one 'chews' to be, and if you want to be a Mary Pickford or a Douglas Fairbanks, you should look out for your teeth and visit the beauty doctor-dentist regularly."

WHAT IS FATE?

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SHE pondered long at the open page that told how Fate rules all, And she believed and talked about it overmuch. How this great ruler of destiny Points the way, and none may say him nay, or defy him, Else their doom.

So all her acts she took to be the will of Fate, the Master, And resigned herself. But her sister with laughing, blue eyes Stuffed at Fate, and said, "There is only one Maker of man. He guides and counsels but leaves one free to make fate as he wills." An old man came to woo in this house of lovely women, A disciple of Mammon, who had naught else to offer but material matter.

The blue-eyed one laughed at him—with his one foot in the grave, And said, "Go thy way, December may not wed with May. I will choose a man both brave and strong With a great love, even though little of lucre. We shall see life through the same youthful lens As was intended."

But the believer of Fate cast all aside And took to herself the tottering, aged one. And when the love of luxury was satiated And she could no longer combat Nature, She cried aloud in her despair, "Ah, Fate, you are a phantom fool That plays havoc with weakening hearts. I should have torn you to pieces For you are but a flimsy fabric of imagination. I could have acted as I wished and lived my life as I would. You think you come first and settle all, But you are only a Result, an aftermath. You are but the Answer to my own actions, and I decide. Begone from my vision, you flimsy fetish. And let me make my own decision, hot from the heart. You are but a fluttering shadow, I am Fate."

Treasures of Georgia Fall to Bolsheviks

AFTER a turbulent existence of free from the restraints of more highly organized and commercialized communities, the little Republic of Georgia has succumbed to the attacks of Moscow and has been occupied by the Bolsheviks.

Of all the States which have broken away from Russia, such as Poland and the Ukraine, none has won more sympathy from visitors. Strangers were always welcome in the little capital of Tiflis, nestled in the foothills of the Caucasus, and the life there was always democratic and remarkably un-Russian.

The city had its opera, its music halls, its picture houses, its habitues of the picturesque cafes, its old-fashioned national costumes for both men and women. Its hospitality has been likened to that which existed in our South before the civil war. People from all over Europe, including the American capital of Baku, enjoyed the sunny climate and verdant richness of Georgia.

Duties for long undoubtedly caused the Bolshevik invasion, as rich treasures of Georgia, many of them coming from Russia, offered a fertile and unrevoked field for the soldiers.

ITS A LONG, LONG LOAF

BY NEAL R. O'HARA

The Only Thing an Actor Can Save in the Summer Is Daylight—That's the Trouble With the Merry-Merry Show Biz, Nothing Permanent but the Loafing.

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TEN thousand actors are loafing on Broadway, but with so many hands among 'em there is little danger that they'll starve. One of the beauties of Theatrical life is that you can loaf all summer without going on strike. You can even loaf for longer periods and get the same results. The lay-off season for the actors is complete. They not only lay off work. They lay off food and other such conveniences. And yet they like it. Any grease paint strutter would rather have his Times Square and starve than his three squares out on the tank town trail. It's so funny it's delicious.

Patrick Henry asked for liberty or death. The actors get twice as much as Patrick Henry asked for. They get liberty and a chance of starving to death all rolled up in one neat and concise little packet. You couldn't ask for more without getting less. We leave it to Einstein.

The difference between amateur and professional actors is this, and it clears up a much mooted question: An amateur rehearses six weeks for a single performance and gets no pay. A professional rehearses six weeks for two weeks' performances and gets no pay. That explains in a nutshell why many good amateur performers can afford to remain amateurs.

Some actors earn at the rate of \$25,000 a year—some weeks. But try and get it—every week. That is the trouble with the merry-merry show biz. Nothing permanent but the loafing. The only thing an actor can save in the summer is daylight. He starves while the ticket scalper speculates at Atlantic City getting ready for another season.

A footlighter has one sweet life. Laugh and the audience laughs with you. Loaf and you can't raise a loan. Curtain speeches in Dubuque, Ia., butter no bread in a Broadway automat. But press clippings will help you buy buckwheats if you sell 'em to the junkman at 40 cents per hundred pounds.

An actor with a tendency to get hungry has as much chance as a pair of lace curtains near a freight yard. No chance. Many an idol that lives on two-fisted applause dines off one-arm lunches in the summer. We need no statistics to prove it. True, Broadway is the actors' Mecca. But you can't

enjoy a Mecca on an empty stomach. The one great trouble with actors' roles is that you can't act 'em and eat 'em, too.

The guy that wrote the calendar sure gave the actor an awful part. When they're working they play betwixt meals and eat between shows. In the summer they do neither betwixt and between. And the misery ain't confined to legit performers. The animal acts suffer something fierce. Don't even get a chance to bite the hand that's feeding 'em. One guy gave his troupe of trained seals a can of sardines to last 'em through the summer—and it did. They finally died of exhaustion trying to open the can.

The problem would be solved for acrobats if they could eat the turn-overs that they make. But somersaults are not very filling—they're sure to roll off your knife. And the acrobats aren't all. It's just a chorus girl's luck to loaf in the summer when she can't trade the pearls in her necklace for the oysters they opened to look for the pearls.



"MANY AN IDOL THAT LIVES ON TWO-FISTED APPLAUSE DINES OFF ONE-ARM LUNCHES IN THE SUMMER."

Earned \$50,000 a Year---Lived In Hall Room to Make More

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WHEN James B. Duke, tobacco king, was earning \$50,000 a year, he was rapidly becoming known as the leader in the industry, he lived in a hall bedroom and ate his three meals a day from the counter of a dreary hawkeye restaurant.

When questioned as to why he did this Mr. Duke declared it was in part so that he could save every dollar and put it back into the business and partly because the grinding poverty of his youth had not been forgotten. When he was a boy his father, who had lost everything in the Civil War, was forced to take a job as a farm hand on a farm thirty miles from Durham, N. C. James and his three small brothers lived with their father in a shanty that permitted storm and cold to enter from all sides, and the four had to sleep on a single bunk tick to keep warm. Their food often consisted of little more than a handful of parched corn.

It was years after the war that the first ray of sunshine came. Some of the farmers that owed young Duke's father money from before the war began to pay him in tobacco. This was the start of the company that became in time one of the greatest corporations the world has ever known.



A Bachelor's Notebook

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My new housekeeper got angry for the first time this morning. Said I never knew what I wanted to eat—that she never could guess it because I ate pancakes and sausages with the greatest of greediness one morning and avoided because there were so few of them. And then on another morning, when the fire was just right and a whole bowl full of pancakes, I'd avoid because she did not have ham, eggs and buttered toast. I didn't say a word in reply, for that was the way I lost the other one. It would be better to be married, because then I could argue back.

It has been three weeks now since I sent that five-pound box of candy to Helen and she hasn't written about it. It had a glass bottom in it so she could see it for handkerchiefs also. Well, there are four male to-morrow again and a letter will surely be in due. Old Pido is lying on my feet now. He looks unusually hungry—eaten undoubtedly forgot to give him some scraps. I'll go up to the meat market and get him a bone. He can't talk or write but he always

Bought Pido a new collar today with silver plates on it, a new leather muzzle and a chain also. Played such a good game of golf yesterday I just had to do something for somebody. But the boys will think I have been taking lemon on the side or something. He won't get over that for a while.

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